sheer up, this time. Up on a newer road. The color of the rocks! even in the rain some the grays, green mosses, & lichs. Others the oranges red yel. The road winds around one after another more & more beautiful. Suddenly again in Red Rock Canyon. where smoothe red rocks amazingly streamlined all worshiping in same direction We got out of car to inspect despite rain. Birds nesting in sun. hollows. Amazing. Road shrines around at the feet of the strange silent monuments carved by the crafty hands of the wind.

Out of the park, down & around we hit a vast valley of grassy slopes. Deserted mine shaft Black eyed susans profusely growing along shoulder as big as saucers. Seeing more & more pinto ponys. Left coat in cabin sorry. Beautiful stretch & about 8 lane road.

Looking for Bdwy. Missed it Brent sort of smelled it Fee takers here. nuisance We salute the AAA for a wonderful service 6-76

6- Back at the Red Fox Inn, we like it so much, for dinner Brent gives us an interesting discourse on Oriental Rugs

A chummy conversation back at Santa Rosa Cabins covering Robt's cough, sororities, & general stuff. To bed at 10:30 mst/mst!

Thurs. 4th of July

6-30 I am up. Looks like a good day for a trip to the mts. Breakfast at a nice place where we signed their tourist guest book. And I had an appetite

845 Ok hills, here we come! I like Denver very much. clean & nice. The drivers the puzzle. Trent no end. They never do what you do or don't expect. Stopped for tire chg gas. Trent vetoo Adelles & my desire to wash car sometime. Visibility ahead good. Appears to be snow on some of the mountains. Stopped to take some pictures of the mt skyline wide spread. Early morning shadows show up all gullies & ridges. A very picturesque drive in, up & around these gullies. cuts, the rangeland green & fresh. Around a curve & suddenly ahead a whole range of snow-covered mts. The snow is cream colored in the blue haze. Down now these winding passes rich dark green of the conifer

against the lighting of the range making an endless variety of patterns. Every minute a different spectacle, up Clear creek where we see signs of gold mining. Narrow gauge tracks for ore trains. We stop to inspect a more elaborate one, working. Picture taken. It's a perfect day hardly a wisp of cloud. Clear Creek tearing along after heavy rains of last 2 days. Men at Placer Gold mine were by ten yesterday. Placer-washing, gold out of sand that has been carried down by stream. Lots of C.C. canyon. Stamp mill where they break up rock prior to washing

Quick view of a tall narrow falls. Beautiful fragile drop glimpsed thru town of Idaho Springs. All the way up the mountain sides are mine shafts The famous 5-mi. Argo Tunnel here. Examined a wildflower, nothing at all familiar, lavender Decided that snow topped mts. must be Snowy Range that Gene mentioned. Elevation 7,988 as Lookout yesterday + + mts sheering straight up from here! Sides of mts. speckled with 1-man mines (Wildcat) Just a few houses make up a small mining towns. Ahead a

smaller mt. pointed up like a piece of Drake. Snow, closer whitens up. Each turn unfolds a more beautiful vista. Timber line of mts. & cloud shadows vie with each other for pattern. Snow just above. I feel more & more the inadequacy of these words. Another water fall dropping from the heart of the timber, prob. from the snow above. Pockets of sm delicate ferns clinging all the way up a notch. I long to live out here & become a part of it all. A reddish peak rears its head against the blue sky. Looks like the remains of a former forest fire leaving a barren strip of timber all the way up. Now up to Berthoud Pass, climbing a narrow road 11,314 ft no fences up. O more spectacular view back & down. Higher, higher more & more breathtaking. Timber now tall & straight. Innumerable mt. streams gushing out of rocks. James Pk. ahead 13,261 ft. Crest of snow blown over top like a white hem. Air so clear & cold.

Continental divide!

We didn't know it until we got here. I feel so contented, so much as if I belonged. Robert inspects with interest old stage coach. Bought more cards

Amazed to find our joints
are pen leaking from the
high altitude pressure.
11 50 Down the western slope
A long wide valley spreads
on and outward. Pavement clings
to middle of narrow road where
no fences protect the deep drop
on the right. The beautifully
constructed road the only sign
of civilization for miles. Down
at last to the floor of the valley
following along a happy little
stream, clear & undoubtedly
cold! Robt. spies a beaver dam.
The polaroid glasses give greater
depth to the clouds. We take turns

A great many 4th of July
picknicers beside the road.
Their pungent wood fires smell
so good. Passed the Moffatt
Tunnel where the R R goes under
James Peak, for ms.
Lois watch dies. Poor Lois!
Horses loose on the road seem to
be waiting to raise an eyebrow at.
Evening out to flatter plains, mmmm
on all sides by snow topped mts.
12-30 Sunchat Fraser, a small
mt. town, all 1-story houses, poor
Wild flowers for centerpiece
We all compare notes on the
effects of the high altitude:
I feel drowsy & lt. headed.

Englemann Spruces - timber
It seems useless, every time we see some thing spectacular further on it's more so. Served the lightest, flakiest homemade rolls. Fried chicken
1:20 Hitting the trail again. Lot of ground to cover, no time to waste. We still have Rocky Mt. Nat. Pk this pm. In the center of the wide valley but nothing grows except desert shrubbs & timber. Sawy down some more. Dust possible! Flat plains now laid out for miles across to the snow capped mts opposite. Gods country all right, in the snow!

Passing thru a slight shower Brent says his tobacco has a stronger kick in this thin air. Even these valleys 8,000 ft. As far as you can see, no hills. Beginning to climb again up a wide lane dirt road. Beginning to the section of dude ranches. View after view of indescribable beauty. Grand Lake Village sloped to let a Rodeo parade clop by down to Lake which in itself is very lovely but completely spoiled by the gaudy 4th tourists in loud cowboy duds
2- Enter Rocky Mt. Nat. Pk.

A Forest Ranger, happily takes entrance fee, license no. etc., as onward. Sure is dust a flying. Better road now than last afternoon. Lower shrub now with winding wet streams. Looking way up on the wet side we see the road we will eventually be on. Above the timber line the mt. tops are gnarled & callowed with rock & lined with snow. On the climbing road we saw below, a little more used to the heights & sheer drops. But Brent says he's not enjoying very much. No guard rails. Stopping to let Brent get a good look, relaxed Chipmonks come up the wall for food. I never saw them so tame. As I am writing this one comes up to my hand & sniff. The little pigs cheeks are so full now he can't bulge. Two have climbed into this book as I am writing! Brent tried to get a picture but they are too fast. This park is a sanctuary for animals, birds & flowers. Continental Div. again at Milner Pass. Rob & Ad. saddened because we really haven't time to stop & make snowballs in sm. patches of snow. But wait!

coneys - hay makers -
like a guinea pig - We asked a ranger
there's one, they scamper out
& come back with dirty hand
fulls, gasping for breath.
We're above the timber line
now. Can all sided view that
makes you draw backs in your
seat - opposite Never Summer
Range & Gore Range. 4 mi.
Trail Ridge Road 12,208 ft.
the highest point of all. Its
cold but its beautiful. Out of
the car to see Ice berg Lake!
which I shiver as I write.
But down in deep ravine in
a hollow of snow is the
lake, deep, clear, beautiful
A pure clear aquamarine
iceberg floating that never melt,

Some
color. Exquisite! Lots of
little lakes tucked up in
the crags. Only inch high
grass & mosses growing up this
high. I feel as if I were play
ing a part in lost horizons, only
where is Shangri-la. The scent
of the pine carries all the way
up here. The trees themselves
look like velvet from here. Rugged
beauty as Trent says. Unknown
little gray animal coneys scampering
over rocks. It would please
Mother to know I wish I had my
angora mittens she wanted me
to bring. However, after this I
shall wear more than a playsuit

+ cardigan. Vist. tops all peaked. Puts a blue haze + some clouds obliterating tops. Must cover car on outside all the room he can he knows just how they feel. Tea stretch everything drops away. Around another curve. We stop again. I just can't find words. Warmer here & no snow on these cuts. Can see the road we will take + winding down + around for many many miles. Streams winding all around the valley floor looking like tiny trickles of water. Cars below ~~[illegible]~~ like ants. I feel I couldn't take much more beauty all in one dose. Sign says Great Plains 40 mi. but it's too hazey to see. Lakes drop down now. Beautiful red cones on the pine trees, all so straight + narrow. Every now + then a gorgeous gnarled pine + aspen ~~silver~~ birches. Beauty big + beauty little: fragile looking wild flowers of all kinds growing out of mammoth chunks of rock. More chippys + pest as tame. One tried to eat the eraser off my pencil, another crawled up as I am writing

now. The smaller ones have the stripes on the backs the lger. ones on the sides. Darling little girl with a blk. eye. Downward again many little lakes. Shortly at at the valley floor, we spy a beaver dam. Hidden valley lots of them ↑ St gr. grasses setting for the dark pines. Much clearer now. Only the distant hill look really blue 42° Now that we are down to a mere 8,000 ft.

Moraine - where glacier ended, melted + dropped round boulders. Leaving

R. Mt. N. P.

Out of Estes P.O. Village down the center of a wide silver green range, around to follow Thompson River running a narrow rocky gulch. Many cabins here. Nice rock formations. Dry to Thompson Canyon. Rocks steeper + prettier, trees growing out of. River rushing along in rapids. Much fishing. Kids tuckered out. Next time we should take more mt. trips. Saw so much warmer down here. Rocks smoother + straight up. Gives us a closer view of